

DELL  
COMIC

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

JANUARY

10¢

# the Lone Ranger





The same to you...and many of 'em!

Three-flavored fun \* from Mars' sunlit  
kitchens—the best-liked chocolate-covered  
candy bar in all the world . . . Milky Way.



- \* {
1. Rich milk chocolate
  2. Golden caramel
  3. Creamy chocolate  
malted milk sugar

# the Lone Ranger

## The Long Bridge

TOMTO SEE PLUNTY  
INDIAN SIGNS NEMO  
SNAKY BLUMOF  
OF HIS WAR PARTY  
MUST BE TRUE!

WE'LL SEE IF THESE WARBOY  
BRANDS OF CHEYENNE WHORE  
TRAILS HAVE CROSSED CON-  
VERGE TOWARD FORT ADAMS!  
IF THEY DO, WE MAY STILL BE  
ABLE TO ALERT THE FORT IN  
TIME—COME ON, SILVER!

### MEANWHILE...

LIEUTENANT VERNON, FORT  
LERAME IS WELL BEHIND US  
NOW! WE'LL NOT SEE CIVIL-  
IZATION TILL WE REACH OUR  
DESTINATION—FORT ADAMS!

JIM, I KNOW YOU'RE  
GOING TO GUIDE US BY  
THE SAFEST ROUTE, BUT  
I SURE HOPE WE RUN  
INTO SOME INDIANS!

WHY ASK  
FOR TROUBLES?

THIS IS MY FIRST  
TRIP INTO INDIAN TER-  
RITORY! I'D LIKE TO GET  
MYSELF A FEW NOTCHES  
ON THIS NEW GUN OF  
MINE!

I HOPE WE GET THESE  
MEN AN SUPPLIES TO FORT  
ADAMS WITHOUT BEING A  
SINGLE REDSKIN, LIEUTENANT!

I'M BEGINNING TO  
WONDER IF THERE  
ARE ANY HORNS  
OUT HERE!

### MEANWHILE, AT FORT ADAMS...

LET CHEYENNE,  
TAKE THE  
FORT!

WHOO! WHOO!

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FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THE FORT HOLDS OFF ATTACK AFTER ATTACK...



SLOWLY, TONTO MOVES HIS WAY TOWARD THE COUNCIL OF CHIEFS, AS SUDDEENLY





**A MINUTE LATER...**

FIERCE EAGLE, FORT ADAMS IS STILL UNDER ATTACK! NO HELP CAN COME TO THEM, THE SPRING WOODS ARE CUT!

MY SCOUTS ERY & I SHALL WAGON TRAIN WITH SOLDIERS COMES FROM LARINE! WE WILL AMBUSH THEM WHEN THEY CROSS THE LONG BRIDGE!



**SOON, TONTU RETURNS AND TELLS THE LONE RANGER WHAT HE HAS HEARD...**

TONTU, WE JUST BURN THE WAGON TRAIN! BUT WE CAN'T CROSS THE LONG BRIDGE TO REACH THEM!

WE GOE NORTH, WHERE RIVER GET NARROW! COUNTRY TOO ROUGH FOR WAGONS, BUT WE ABLE TO CROSS THERE!



**LATER...**

...CAEYENNE!

THE CROSSING SHOULD BE---







FORT ADAMS IS UNDER ATTACK!—THE CUYENNE ARE WAITING IN AMBUSH FOR SOME WAGONS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LONG BRIDGE!

THE LONG BRIDGE THAT'S WHERE LIEUTENANT VERNON IS SCHEDULED TO ENCAMP TONIGHT!



WE'LL SEND TWO TROOPS AT ONCE—NOW FOR THE MESSAGE BACK TO FORT ADAMS!

...THIS MESSAGE ABOUT FROM THE FORT! THE MAN SPOKE IT OUT INTO THE LINE! I SURE KNOW WHO HE IS!



I HOPE MY MESSAGE WAS DECODED TONIGHT! WITH OUT THE NECESSARY MECHANICAL AIDS THERE'S NO WAY FOR ME TO RECEIVE AN ANSWER!

WE WATCH TRAIL FROM LARAMIE WHILE YOU SEND MESSAGE! NO NO WAGONS DOWN THERE!



WE'LL RIDE DOWN THE TRAIL AND KEEP RIDING UNTIL WE MEET THE WAGON TRAIN!—COME ON, SILVER!



LOOK, LIEUTENANT VERNON! THERE'S AN AWAY FOR YOU... AN AWAY IN BLADES! A NAKED MAN!

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! BEGIN IN END READY!—SERGEANT, TAKE THEIR SINS AND I'LL UNMASK HIM!



WELTHUNT, I'M NOT AN OUTLAW!  
I HAVE A REASON FOR WEARING  
THIS MASK, BUT THERE HSN'T TIME  
FOR EXPLANATIONS---THE  
CHEYENNE ARE ON THE WAR-  
PATH! THAT'S WHY I CAME  
TO WARN YOU!

WARN ME?  
I'M NOT  
AFRAID OF  
MY INDIANS!



THAT MAY BE, BUT  
THEY OUTNUMBER YOU  
MORE THAN A HUNDRED-  
TO-ONE!

KEVO BABAY! LOOK!  
UP IN HILL---  
CHEYENNE  
SCOUTS!



WHERE? I  
DON'T SEE  
ANY INDIANS!

NOT NOW, SIR! THEY'VE PULLED  
BACK! IT HAS ONLY POSSIBLE TO  
SEE THEIR HEADDRESS! BUT THERE  
ARE AT LEAST A THOUSAND ON  
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LONG  
BRIDGE BETWEEN YOU AND  
FORT ADAMS!



IF THERE ARE, I'LL FIND OUT FOR  
MYSELF! MY ORDERS ARE TO KNOWAC  
BY THE LONG BRIDGE TONIGHT! I  
OBEY ORDERS!--- NOW KEEP CLEAR  
BEFORE I ARREST YOU AND LET  
THE NEAREST SHERIFF DECIDE  
WHY YOU'RE AWAKED!



HE'S NOT HAVE  
GOOD SENSE!

HE'S YOUNG, TONGUE AND PRO-  
BABLY BLINDED A BIT BY THE  
GLARE OF HIS GOLD BADGE! BUT  
THAT BLASTING POWDER MAY  
BE THE WAY TO SAVE HIM AND  
HIS TROOPS FROM BEING  
AWAKED!









NO, LIEUTENANT! HOLD YOUR FIRE! THERE ARE BLASTIN' POWDER PUMPS BURNIN' IN THOSE BARRICKS! THE MARRIED MEN'S GONN' TO BLOW UP THE BRIDGE!



YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT--- THE CHEYENNE ARE COMIN'!



THESE TREES SHOULD GIVE US ENOUGH COVER UNTIL I'M CLOSE TO THE BRIDGE!



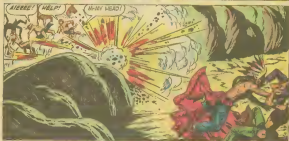
THERE--- NOW TURN AND WE'LL MAKE FOR THE WOODS! LET'S GO, BOY FELLOW! COME ON, SHERIFF!



SECONDS LATER, SUDDENLY...

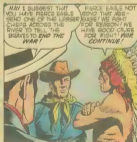












WELL, PEACE  
EAGLE! IF YOU  
THINK JUSTICE  
HAS BEEN DONE,  
THE GOVERNMENT  
WILL REWARD IT!

THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF!  
I WILL GIVE YOU MY  
WORD AS AN OFFICER  
THAT YOU'LL HAVE  
NO CAUSE FOR  
UPRISING AGAIN!

LET  
PEACE  
EAGLE  
SEND  
MES-  
SENGER!



AS DAWN BREAKS...

HAVE YOU SEEN  
LIEUTENANT VERNON'S  
DETACHMENT OR ARE  
WE TOO LATE?

I'VE SEEN 'EM,  
COLONEL WAGGON,  
BUT YOU'LL NOT  
BELIEVE WHAT I'VE  
SEEN UNLESS  
YOU SEE IT FOR  
YOURSELF!



THUNDERBOLT! AM I DREAMING? THE CHEYENNE ARE  
OUT OF THEIR WAR PRANT AND THERE'S PEACE EAGLE  
AND LIEUTENANT VERNON SHOWING THE  
PEACE PIPE!

QUICKLY, COLONEL WAGGON LEAVING  
WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

LIEUTENANT  
VERNON, YOU'VE  
PERFORMED  
MAGNIFICENTLY!

I DON'T DESERVE THE  
CREDIT, SIR! THE MAN WHO  
SENT YOU THE TELEGRAPH  
MESSAGE, BLOW UP THE  
LONG BRIDGE AND CAPTURED  
PEACE EAGLE, IS RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THE PEACE! BUT  
I'VE LEARNED TO LISTEN TO  
MORE EXPERIENCED MEN  
WHEN I'M IN INDIAN  
TERRITORY!



AND I'LL ALWAYS  
BE GLAD TO TAKE  
ADVICE FROM--  
THE LOVE RANGER!

HI-YO, BILLY!  
AWAY!



# the Lone Ranger

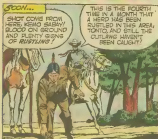
## Rocky Ridge Mystery.

BY A CATTLE TRAIL NEAR  
THE FENCE...

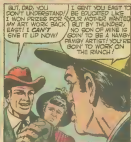
GET READY, MEN! HERE  
THEY COME! AN' THEY'RE  
RIDIN' JUST LIKE I SAID  
THEY DO-- PULLIN' ACROSS  
THE ROAD AT THE END  
OF THE WEST!

GUARD THE  
CORRAL! WE  
WANT 'EM  
ALL-- AT ONCE!





THE NEXT DAY, AT HILLCREST...



JASON, I THINK IT'S WONDERFUL THAT JIM CAN MAKE SUCH REAL-TO-LIFE SKETCHES! IF HE WANTS TO BE AN ARTIST, HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LIVE HIS OWN LIFE!

SEN! A RANCHER WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME AN' I'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM! I'LL HEAD NO MORE ABOUT IT!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

HELLO, TEX! I THOUGHT I'D RIDE OVER AN SEE HOW JIM'S DOING... BUT I DON'T SEE HIM WITH THE OTHER MEN!

TO TELL THE TRUTH, BOSS, HE DOESN'T TAKE TO RANCHIN' TOO WELL! HE'S BEEN OUT RANTIN' ROCKY RIDGE!



BY THUNDER, I GIVE YOU ORDERS, TEX, AND I WANT 'EM OBEYED! JIM'S GON' TO BE A RANCHER---NOT A PAINTER!

SORRY I DISOBEYED YOU, BOSS, BUT I SAW SOME OF HIS PAINTINGS---TH-TH-REY'RE AWNTRY GOOD! I THINK! BUT I'LL KEEP HIM CLOSE TO ME FROM NOW ON!



LATER,

WHAT'S THIS I HEARD ABOUT YOU LEAVIN' YOUR WORK TO GO OFF RANTIN'?

I SAW AN UNUSUAL PLACE TO PAINT, DED. I COULDN'T RESIST DOING A PICTURE OF IT---DAD, I REALLY COULD MAKE A GOOD ARTIST IF YOU'D ONLY LISTEN TO REASON!



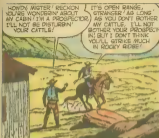
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH ABOUT PAINTIN'! IF I HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT IT, I'LL SMASH YOUR EQUIPMENT IN THE BARN AN' BURN THE PICTURES YOU'VE ALREADY PAINTED! REPORT TO TEX IN THE MORNIN' AND FORGET THIS FOOL ART BUSINESS!



THE NEXT DAY,



WHAT IN BLAZES? THAT QUACK UP THERE, SMACK AGAINST THE CLIFF OF ROCKY RIDGE, HE BEING NEW! MONSIEUR WHO PUT IT UP---AN' WHY?



# **NEXT MORNING...**

BOSS, I JUST CAME FROM NARROW VALLEY BY ROCKY RIDGE! --- TWENTY OF OUR PRIZE CATTLE ARE MISSING!

WISCONSIN? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, TEX! THERE'S NO WAY OUT EXCEPT THROUGH THE PASSES AT EITHER END OF THE VALLEY AND YOUR MEN WERE CAMPED THERE LAST NIGHT!



I KNOW, BOSS! IT HAS ME STUNNED! THE MEN AT BOTH ENDS OF THE VALLEY SAY NO CATTLE CAME BY! I EVEN CHECKED WITH THE PROSPECTOR IN THAT CASH---HE SAW NOTHING!

SOMETIMES STRANGE THINGS COME WHERE I'M RIDIN' FOR THE SHERIFF! WHERE A POSSIBLE SET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!



# **SOON BY ROCKY RIDGE...**

WE SEARCH MANY HILLS AROUND HILLCREST, KEMO SARKIN, BUT STILL NO SIGN OF FLOOD'S RUSTLER GANG!

WE HAVEN'T INVESTIGATED NARROW VALLEY, TONTO! AFTER LAST NIGHT'S BARKS, ANY FRESH TRAIL WILL BE EASY TO FOLLOW!



THESE CABIN UP AGAINST CLIFF!

PROBABLY SOME PROSPECTORS, TONTO! WE'LL STAY IN THE SHADOW OF THESE TREES SO MY MARK WILL NOT AROUSE ANY CURIOSITY IN CASE HE SEES US! ---COME ON, SILVER!



# **SOON...**

SHERIFF, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW MY CATTLE JUST CLEAN DISAPPEARED!

LOOK, WILCOX! THEY MAY KNOW THE ANSWER --- ONE OF 'EM IS MARKED!



KEMO SARKIN, THEN FIRE!

DOWN THE HILL SIDE, TONTO! IT'S A STEEP DROP, BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!





HOLD YOUR FIRE! YOU CAN'T GET A HEAD ON 'EM, AND THAT DROP WILL FINISH 'EM OFF BEFORE WE GET THERE!



STEADY SCOUT!

EASY, SLEPER! EASY!



BY THE TIME THEY COME AROUND FROM THE FUR END OF THIS SALLY WE'LL BE OUT OF SIGHT!



WE THINK ROGERS WHO SHOOT WERE A POSSE! REBBE THEN THINK WE OUTLAW!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, TONTO! GIDE TO TOWN AND TRY TO LEARN WHY THAT POSSE IS CHASING THE HILLS!



LATER IN HELLCORNER

YOU SURE LOOK TIRED, TEX!

BEEN RIDIN' IN A ROGGE MOUNTAIN DISTRICTS BOTH ENDS OF NARROW VALLEY HERE GUARDED LAST NIGHT, BUT TWENTY HEAD OF CATTLE STILL DISAPPEARED! WE THOUGHT WE SPOTTED TWO OF THE GANG--- ONE WAS AWAYED!



HERE ARE THE SUPPLIES YOU ORDERED YESTERDAY, TEX! WILL YOU BE WANTING SOME AMMUNITION FOR YOUR WLOOX?

FOARD NOT! THE ROGGE PUT HIS FOOT DOWN! JIVE HAD TO GIVE UP BENTIN! IT SURE IS A SHAME, CAUSE I SAW A WONDERFUL PICTURE IN THE BARN HE DD OF ROCKY ROGGE!

THEY SAY HE GETS EVERYTHING RIGHT DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL.

WELL, HE MADE ONE MISTAKE ON THAT ROCKY RIDGE PICTURE: HE PAINTED SOME KIND OF A MOLE OR GARDENY IN THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF! NEVER WAS ANY HOLE THERE!



LATER, TONTO TELLS THE LONE RANGER WHAT HE HAS OVERHEARD...

I'M CERTAIN THE CLIFF SIDE IS AROUND THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF ROCKY RIDGE, TONTO! BUT WHY SHOULD YOUNG WILCOX INDICATE THERE WAS AN OPENING? I WANT TO TAKE THAT PAINTING FROM THE WILCOX BARN AND EXAMINE IT—IT MAY SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN HERD!



THAT NIGHT AT THE WILCOX BARN...

HERE IS THE BARN AND THERE IS NO ONE AROUND NOW TO FIND YOUNG WILCOX'S PAINTING OF ROCKY RIDGE.



THIS IS THE ONE!



SOON AFTER, IN THE NEARBY WOODS...

TONTO, THIS IS DESIGNED BY JIM WILCOX AND IN MY OPINION HE'S A FINE ARTIST!

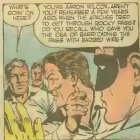
RIGHT! IT LOOKS PLUNTY REAL, BUT WHY HIM PAINT A MOLE THERE? BY RINE TREE?



I KNOW THERE IS NO SUCH OPENING THERE, TONTO! BUT IF THAT NEW CABIN IS BY THE SAME FINE TREE, IT COULD CONCEAL THE ORIGINAL WILCOX PAINTING AND PROVIDE A WAY OUT OF NARROW VALLEY FOR THE STOLEN CATTLE!















AS TOMATO SEES WHAT THE LONG RANGER INTENDS TO DO, HE AND THE SHERIFF BLAZE AWAY, AS SUDDEENLY...





WEDGOW!

WELL, RIGHT, MISTER!  
EASE OFF YOUR  
TRIGGER—WE QUIT!



BY THUNDER! THERE  
ARE MY MICKIN'  
CRITTERS! BUT THERE  
ARE A LOT MORE 'N  
JUST MINE THERE!

BEFORE THE GANG CAME  
HERE, THEY WERE RUST-  
LING ALONG THE PECOS!



SOON!

DAD, WHY DON'T  
YOU TELL ME YOU  
WERE GOING AFTER  
THE RUSTLERS? I  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
ALONG TO HELP!

NO, JIM! YOU  
HELPED ENOUGH!  
IT WAS YOUR  
PAINTING THAT  
SOLVED THE  
MYSTERY!

QUICKLY AARON WILCOX TELLS OF THE  
PINTED HOLE AND THE CABIN THAT NOW  
CONCEALS IT...



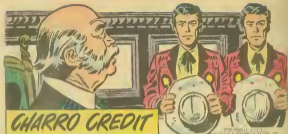
BUT DAD, WHO WAS  
SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW  
THE WORK OF A FINE  
ARTIST, SON? BECAUSE OF  
WHAT HE SAID YOU'RE GOIN'  
TO DO—WHAT YOU WANTED  
TO DO—PAINT PICTURES!

THE SAME MAN WHO'S  
SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW  
THE WORK OF A FINE  
ARTIST, SON? BECAUSE OF  
WHAT HE SAID YOU'RE GOIN'  
TO DO—WHAT YOU WANTED  
TO DO—PAINT PICTURES!



I MAY BE STUBBORN, BUT I'LL  
ALWAYS TAKE THE ADVICE OF  
—THE LOVE RANGER!

AN-YO,  
SILVER!  
ARMY!



## CHARRO CREDIT

"Arturo and Vicente Vaca—at your service, señal!"

With their five-hundred-dollar white sombreros held carefully across the open breasts of their embroidered CHARRO jackets, the twin brothers bowed courteously. And from behind his polished desk, "Cautious" Cal Droman, the bank's president, summed them up, with a glance.

"The Charro Twins!" he observed, with a faint smile. "The newspapers gave you quite a write-up, when the Rodeo was on, last week! What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

Arturo smiled back—the smile of a confident young man who has earned the respect of his countrymen.

"We wish to borrow seven thousand dollars from your bank, Señor Dromas," he stated. "Vicente and I have decided to go into business, and raise families. At this moment, we are earning good money at the rodeos—but we have decided that the profession of a Charro is not for a family man!"

"I agree with that, Señor Vaca," Droman replied. "But what is this business you propose—and what security can you offer?"

Vicente's white teeth gleamed.

"Goats!" he exclaimed. "Angora goats of the finest pedigree! They are the business we wish—and they are the security. Ten thousand dollars worth, señal! Arturo and I have

saved a thousand each. . . . Our Charro outfits and our horses are worth more than a thousand more! If you will lend us seven thousand—MIRA! Our dream comes true!"

Cautious Cal Droman tapped the polished top of his desk deep in thought.

"Hmnnnnnn!" he said at last. "I'm afraid we can't rush into such a matter. It is true that the bank **COULD** take the goats as security, but—well, gentlemen, you are not experienced in this business. And accidents might happen to your flock. I shall have to think it over—ahem!—and let you know. . . ."

The twins were not smiling now. Their lean, brown faces showed keen disappointment. They knew that Cautious Cal had taken a lot of words to tell them, "No!" Quietly and courteously, they bowed out of the banker's office.

In their hotel room, across the street from the bank, they sat brooding over their broken hopes, and playing absent-mindedly with the tools of their profession. Time and again a thin, sharp, throwing knife appeared in Vicente's fingers, whirled briefly in the air, and disappeared up his sleeve or into his clothing. In Arturo's hand a small tortoiseshell became a living thing, which made one think of a snake and a snake charmer.

"What shall we tell Pepito and Lola?" Arturo asked gloomily. "Their families will allow them to marry us only if we stop being wan-

during CHARROS, and settle down . . ."

"But we cannot settle down now!" Vicente cried bitterly, hurling his knife at the door. In swift succession, three more slender knives stuck so close to it that a man's fist would cover them all! As he pulled them out, Arturo, at the window, exclaimed—

"Waa—look, Vicente! The bank president is coming out with two men! They go to the free horses waiting at the hitch rail! I thought the bank had closed an hour ago . . ."

"Something is wrong with Señor Dromon!" Vicente observed, following his brother's gaze. "He looks pale—and he walks strangely! Arturo! Let us get our horses and follow them!"

In the depths of a desolate, dry arroyo, some miles out of town, the banker's companions pulled up. There were four of them now—hard cases, with a wolfish look in their eyes.

"Here's the place," said the hawk-nosed leader. "Strip this sucker, and tie him up . . . later we'll divvy the money he's carrying under his clothes!"

"Wh—what are you g-g-going to do to me?" Dromon managed to ask, as they looted him, bound, beneath the arroyo's high bank.

"Bury you!" the leader chuckled. "Make him look as if you'd looted your own vault and disappeared. . . . Which is what you did, for fear we'd shoot you. Only, YOU'RE staying here, and your money's crossing the Border—with US! You won't suffer! Not after the dynamite that's buried in the cut bank, here.



goes off! You'll be buried ten feet deep, and no trace!"

Dromon could see the short fuse projecting from the dirt wall just above him. As the outlaw leader reached a lighted match toward it the banker closed his eyes . . .

A wild yell from the bandit forced them open. A noosed rope had gripped the man's wrist and was pulling him up the cut bank. At the same moment another voice spoke sharp warning, and Vicente Vaco landed cat-like on the arroyo's bottom.

As the three other bandits glared for their weapons, little gleams of light seemed to shoot from Vicente's fingers—one . . . two . . . three! A cry and a dropped pistol for each of them—and an arm plucked by a thin, sharp, throwing knife!

It was all over as quickly as that!

By the time Col Dromon and the Twins had ridden back to town with their prisoners, the banker had recovered pretty well from his hair-raising experience. He was even able to joke with the sheriff, as he saw the four outlaws safely locked up.

But when the sheriff suggested escorting him with his hundred thousand-odd dollars of recovered loot to the bank, Cautious Col shook his head!

"The Vaco Brothers will go with me," he said, smiling. "They have applied for a small loan. And from now on, as far as I am concerned, a Charro's credit will always be good!"



# YOUNG HAWK



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**N**EAR SUNDOWN, THE BOYS REACH THE  
RIVER WHICH LEADS FROM THE LAKE...









**BEARS** ARE KEY TO REALITY IN THE BIG BROTHER'S SLEEPY BRAIN.



**CONSCIOUS** NOW, OF HUNGER, AFTER HIS LONG WINTER'S FAST, HE LURCHES TO HIS FEET AND FOLLOWS THE SCENT...



**HOW** THE DELICIOUS COARS OF FISH MINGLE WITH THINGS OF HUN AND BEE-- ALL OF THEM EATABLE AND DANDYLING!



A BEAR! HE IS REACHING IN FROM A CRAB BEHIND THE GLIT!

YARK!



LITTLE BUCK-- I WOULDN'T! A HURT BEAR WANTS REVENGE!



OW! UGH!

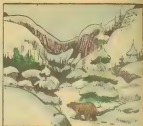


**ANGRILY** THE GRABBY BRUTE LIKE HE CHASED FORWARD... KNOWING NOW THAT THE CLUT IS TOO NARROW FOR HIM TO REACH HIS ENEMIES...





WITH DEADLY PATIENCE, HE SEARCHES--UNTIL HE FINDS AN OLD SNOWSHOE TRACK WITH A Faint HUMAN SCENT STILL CLINGING TO IT...



THE TRACE LEADS HIM, UNERRINGLY TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE BOYS' HOME RAVINE.



AT THE SAME TIME, A PARTY OF BLACKFEET WARRIORS--STILL SEARCHING FOR SIGN OF THE TWO MANDAN YOUTHS WHO HAD SHAKED AND ESCAPED THEM--SIGHTS THE FROZEN LAKE AND...



QUICKLY, THE BLACKFEET DESCEND TO THE LAKE, FIRED WITH BLOODTHIRSTY HOPE.





FOLLOWING A DIFFERENT SNOWSHOE TRAIL, THE BLACKFEET HAVE NOT YET DISCOVERED THE FRODOY TRACKS OF THE GRAY BEAR AHEAD OF THEM...



...BUT THE BRIDGE, CARRYING UP THE MOUNTAIN, CARRIES THE WAR PARTY'S SCENT TO THE BRIDLE-- NOW ACTUALLY WITHIN SIGHT OF THE BOYS' WICKUP!



ORRRR!

BRUN'S SENSE OF SMELL, MANY TIMES KEENER THAN HIS EYEBRIGHT, TELLS HIM THAT MEN ARE FOLLOWING HIM! WITH HIS LITTLE EYES GLEAMING REDDLY, HE TURNS BACK TO MEET THEM!



TUMBLEWEEBO!  
WHAT-?

HE'S SCARED,  
LITTLE BUCK! PERHAPS  
THE BEAR--

ORRRR!  
EE-OWW!



QUIET, TUMBLEWEEBO! YES! IT IS THE BEAR! BUT HE HAS TURNED BACK, DOWN THE MOUNTAIN! I THINK HE WAS AFTER US!



I SEE HIM! HE IS HANGING BEHIND THAT BIG ROCK!

HIDING FROM SOME-  
THING THAT IS COMING  
UP THE TRAIL!



**C**ROUCHED BEHIND THE BOULDER, GRIM ROUSSEAU  
EARS AND NOSE TO TELL HIM OF THE WAR PARTY'S APPROACH.



THEY'RE  
BLACKFEET!

LOOKING FOR US,  
LITTLE BUCK! THEY'RE  
GOING TO GET A  
SURPRISE!



YEAH!

AQU-  
AQUH!

**A** SHAPE OF TERROR, THE GRIZZLY  
HURLS HIMSELF FROM COVER...



AARR-UHH!

SHOOT!

**HIS** FIRST BLOW SENDS THE  
LEADER SPINNING, BROKEN.



AAARR!

**T**HE SECOND HANDIES, THRUSTING  
BRAVELY WITH HIS FLINT KNIFE...



AE-EEEEE!

**T**HE LAST TWO MEN FLEE--BUT THE  
WOUNDED BEAR CATCHES ONE...



IT IS A SPIRIT BEAR!  
ARROWS STICK IN HIM,  
BUT DO NOT KILL!

**T**HE LAST BLACKFOOT CLIMBS A TREE--AND LIVES TO TELL HIS PEOPLE A TALE WHICH WILL KEEP THEM OUT OF THAT VALLEY FOR GENERATIONS TO COME.



OHNNNN!

**T**HE BLACKFEET ARROWS, HOWEVER, HAVE DONE THEIR WORK. RETURNING SLOWLY TO HIS CAVERN ENTRANCE, THE WOUNDED BRUTE LIES DOWN WITH A TIRED SIGH--TO STIR NO MORE!



**L**ATE THAT AFTERNOON...

DO YOU THINK  
THE BEAR KILLED  
THEM ALL, YOUNG  
HAWK?

MOST OF THEM! OHNNNN!  
IT WAS NOT A LARGE PARTY,  
LITTLE SUCK! IF THERE HAD  
BEEN MORE, THEY WOULD  
HAVE RETURNED FOR  
THEIR DEAD!



THERE WAS  
ONE WHO CURSED  
THIS TREE!

AND HE GOT ANNY!  
GEE! THERE IS HIS TRAIL--  
MADE AFTER THE BEAR  
HAD GONE!



PERHAPS WE HAD  
BETTER LEAVE THIS  
COUNTRY, TOO, YOUNG  
HAWK! IF THAT BEAR  
COMES BACK AFTER  
US--

HE WILL NOT COME  
BACK! HIS TRAIL--  
HERE--TELLS ME  
THAT HE WILL SOON  
ONE OF HIS WOUNDS!



BUT IT WAS A CLOSE CALL  
FOR US! I HOPE YOU HAVE  
LEARNED YOUR LESSON, LITTLE  
SUCK--NEVER TO WOUND A  
BEAR YOU CANNOT KILL!

I'VE LEARNED  
IT, YOUNG HAWK--  
DON'T WORRY!

THE END



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4	CITY STATE STATE	SEND GIFT CARD FROM	DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE		
5	CITY STATE STATE	SEND GIFT CARD FROM	DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE		
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## INDIAN PIPES

[illegible]

To the Indian, pipe smoking was a religious rite. It meant direct contact with his spirit world. Some Indian tribes mention smoke in their own language as "cloud breath." The gods dwell in the clouds, so a prayer sanctified by smoke was certain to contact the right spirits.

Tobacco among the Indians is not the leaf or plant that is smoked—but the pipe itself. The word “tobacco” comes from the Carib Indians, and means “the pipe” in their language.

The bowl of the earliest form of peace pipe was nothing more than a hollowed groove made on the bone of a deer. The stem was made by digging out the marrow. The French called this pipe the "calumet," meaning reed.

The stone bowl pipe gradually replaced the reed type. It had a curved bowl resembling the later models of Dutch clay pipes. In time, the bone stem was changed to one of wood.

With the discovery of soapstone by the Eastern Indians the design of the pipe was changed again, the Plains tribes using black soapstone and the Eastern tribes using the red variety. The bowl was L-shaped, at first.

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STAR BACK, LOS ANGELES RAMS



"I FOUND AN  
END HAD TO  
SHAKE OFF DEFEND-  
ERS TO CATCH PASSES.  
TOM FEARS SHOWED  
ME HOW."

"SEE-I DIDN'T FAKE UNTIL THE  
LAST MOMENT THEN I  
CUT AND WENT BY  
YOU, AND TO KEEP  
SPARKIN'..."



KEEP IN SHAPE THAT MEANS  
LOTS OF REST, PRACTICE AND  
GOOD FOOD. FOR BREAKFAST I  
RECOMMEND WHEATIES-  
REAL ENERGY FOOD!

GET WHEATIES  
WILL SPARK  
ME, TOO!



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YOU'RE SPARKIN'  
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